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From the Ladies Magazine.

THE MECHANIC'S WIFE.

"Mr. Linal, can you let me have fifteen or
twenty dollars for Georgiana, to-day?" said
Mrs. Linal, as she entered her husband's
shop.
"I would my dear, with all my heart, if I had
it and could afford it; I was thinking just as
you came in, how I should get the money to pay
Deacon Rand's demand, which, you know, is
due to-day after to-morrow; 'The Deacon can't
wait,' you know he has waited over two years,
and he told me the last time it was due, if I
would pay him now he would take off two thirds
of the amount, which is forty-five dollars. I
am expecting in two sums of money, both will
be about twenty dollars—fifteen I owe the Dea-
con—and I want to pay something on our
long account at the store; I expect every day
when they will say they can trust me no longer."

"There is going to be such a party at Squire
Noyes' as is not every day, and I want to have
Georgiana look as smart as any of them, and it
will be a shame and disgrace if she can't. I
am wanted in the house; you may think of it
as you will, the money I must have," said Mrs.
Linal, as she left the shop for the house, —
where she had been called by one of her child-

Before going further in my narrative, I will
give a brief outline of this family. Mr. Linal
was an upright, industrious, steady mechanic;
when he married, he had about 1000 dollars
free from debt, and a good trade; always blessed
with health, it would be supposed that in the
space of nineteen years, he might have been a
rich, instead of a poor man. But he had the
misfortune of marrying one of a high family, as
they called themselves, because they had prop-
erty—whose education had not been unlike
many other females at the present day,—a sur-
perfluous knowledge of the more solid and useful
branches which adorn and improve the mind, to
give place to those of a more showy and fash-
ionable kind," as Mrs. Linal expressed it,—she
was arrogant and vain, always flattered, and
cressed by fond parents, in her youth, there
being but three children among whom to divide
their attention and property.

We may easily conjecture something of her
management, as a wife and mother; it may be
said, however, there are many such educated
females, who make sensible and judicious wom-
en—but the number is comparatively small—
happy would it be for husbands and children if
there were more whose happiest place is their
home, in the bosom of their families—whose de-
light is to see cheerfulness, peace, and content-
ment around them—to relieve the unfortunate,
industrious poor, from the savings of industry
and economy.

Mr. and Mrs. Linal had been blessed with
six children, all of them bright, interesting look-
ing children; the eldest, Georgiana, the one in-
troduced at the commencement of our narrative,
was about eighteen. When a child, she pos-
sessed an active, inquisitive, and, I may say, in-
telligent mind, her age considered; but her edu-
cation, in later years, had made her quite an-
other person: instead of being lively, easy, so-
cial, communicative, she became, after a few
quarters at the boarding-school, affected and
sullen, always in trouble about her dress, fear-
ing she should not be the first in society. Had
she been as eager to merit that rank as she
was to covet it, it would have soon been at-
tained.

Her mother, never discovered the error in
her education, had pursued the same course with
this daughter, with a greater evil, however, at-
tending this course—the love of display. Mr.
Linal, as has been stated, was a poor man, al-
though he was diligent at his work, early and
late; had he had an industrious, economical
wife, he would not have said as he did, "if my
debts were paid I should not have a farthing
left."

Such was the state of this family when Mrs.
Linal wished her husband to give her fifteen or
twenty dollars, to expend for Georgiana: al-
ready her clothes were too good for their prop-
erty; but there was the Squire's daughter, she
had had a new dress which Georgiana had
seen, on calling on Maria, and was then in-
formed of the party she was about to give, and
Georgiana was to be invited.

She returned home with her heart full of the
thoughts of the party, her dress, &c., and re-
lated the whole affair to her mother. "Well,"
said her mother, after hearing Georgiana through,
"you must have one of your light silks in order;
I suppose you will wear one of them."

"Indeed I shall not—I must have a new
dress!"

"Well, I wish you could, but I am afraid you
can't get it, if your father has not the money;
for he owes, you know, at all of the stores where

they have nice silks, and I am afraid they won't
trust him; but if any body will lend him, he shall
borrow."

"Where is father now?" said Georgiana.
"He has gone down to the store to get some
necessaries; he did not leave his work till half-
past nine to go, so he won't be back this morn-
ing as it is two miles, and he has been gone
but half an hour."

"You tell him he must give me some money,
at any rate."

"Well, you go to bed, my dear and I will talk
with your father to-night, or in the morning—it
will do just as well in the morning."

Georgiana was up sooner than usual, the next
morning, for she was by no means an early ris-
er—her mother thought it was not a good plan
for young ladies to rise early—it gave them too
much color—they were not so delicate looking.
She asked her mother what her father said:—
her mother told her she just named the subject
to him, but he was sleepy, and didn't make her
much reply.

"Well, mother, go right out to the shop and
ask him, for I am very anxious to know whether
he has any money or not."

"My dear, will you take care of my breakfast
and things?"

"O yes, go right along." But no sooner had
her mother left, than Georgiana was gone too,
for she didn't like work, nor did she love care.

The fire snuffed out upon the clothes, hanging
near, and burnt up two shirts of Mr. Linal's,
besides burning partially, a number of other things;
the shirts, however, were the greatest loss, as
they were new, and had long been needed, for
it was difficult to find time to work for Mr. Li-
nal. The house was much endangered, and
would probably have caught fire and been burnt
had it not been for little Ellen's coming in, and
seeing the clothes in flames, run for her mother.
Mrs. Linal sprang to extinguish the flames, not
wishing her husband to know their loss, as she
felt she was culpable; but she found it impossi-
ble, and sent for him, and they soon had the fire
extinguished.

Breakfast was soon on the table, and Mr. and
Mrs. Linal sat silently down to their meal—
Mr. Linal showing in his countenance the opera-
tion of his mind. Mrs. Linal now broke the
silence, by exclaiming, "See what trouble you
have caused me! If you could have answered
me yes as soon as I went into the shop, I could
have immediately come back, and seen to my
things, and not lost all these clothes; but you
must trouble me with your debts; I don't want
to hear any thing about them; I am sure I
brought you money enough, after my father
died, between three and four thousand dollars.
You ought never to deny me a dollar when I ask
for it."

"Did I have any thing to do with the money?
did you not spend it as you pleased? certainly
you did. I worked as hard then to support my
family as I do now. Where it went I cannot
tell; it never paid a debt, although it might
have paid all I owed, and enough left to buy me
a house and shop."

"You don't know where it went to, do you?
Why fifteen hundred dollars bought this great
house."

"Yes, you did buy this great, old shell of a
house, and give twice its value; but you must
have it because it once, you said, was a 'fine
situation.' You know it has cost a great deal to
keep it in repairs."

"I can tell you, Mr. Linal, what became of
the rest of the money—I spent it in visit-
ing—journeying, and dress, as I used to do when I
was young: I never regretted spending it so,
although you said I should. I enjoyed it finely.
You ought to think yourself a lucky man to have
such a wife! Just think if you had had to raise
that money."

"Supposing you had spent less, and put the
remainder of your money on interest, and we
had lived a little within our income, would it not
have been better for us now? should we not feel
more peaceful and happy?"

"Yes, I know what you would like,—to have
me live as they do over at Mr. True's, in their
'neat, snug way,' as you call it."

"O, I wish we did live like them. What a
happy family they are." Just at this moment,
Georgiana came in, not knowing what had hap-
pened, or that breakfast had been ready, so en-
gaged had she been in looking over, and arrang-
ing some of her clothes, which she often did,
as dress was her idol.

Overhearing her father's praise, bestowed on
the True family, as she came in, she asked him
if it was really them, of whom he was speaking—
that odd, uncouth, unfashionable set! For
my own part, I know of no more commendable
quality about them, and that is their honesty; for
they don't know enough to be otherwise.

"I am very sorry indeed, Georgiana, to hear
you speak in such disrespectful terms of our
good neighbors," said the father. "Think, for a
moment, how kind they have been to us—how
many times he has lent me money when no other
man would: they are good, industrious,—
peaceable, kind people. Look at their child-
ren, what tidy, well-behaved, smart-looking
children they are. It does me good to go in
there—to see such order, such neatness; I
don't think there is a better managed family in
town. He has a nice house, well furnished,
and finished, a good farm, owes no man, and

money at interest; began with nothing; ten
years ago, only worth his clothes. So there
must be some management, I think. Emeline,
you think, is your inferior, but you must remem-
ber she is not so old—you call her 'stiff, awk-
ward, plain, homespun.' Give her your advan-
tages and I think you will not be ashamed to
associate with her, unless you feel beneath
her."

"I don't feel much afraid of Miss Emeline's
outshining me, in the fashionable world: that is
the least of my concern."

"I hope so," replied Mrs. Linal, who had not
heard the whole conversation, being engaged
with her children; or she would not have been
so long silent—"never give yourself any uneasiness
but what you will be noticed by those who
are worthy of noticing you. I don't care about
your associating with Emeline at all, or if you
never spoke to her again, certainly when there
was any one to see you: if you was to meet her
in the street, you might just speak, if there was
no one near. I know they are clever; but no
more did my parents use to speak or notice
them than if they were black people."

Mr. Linal left the table with a sorrowful heart,
reflecting on the effect such language would
have on his young children. As he was going
out of the room Georgiana cried out, "Father,
can you give me some money to-day?"

"I have no money, my dear."

"Well, you must get some."

"Where shall I get it?"

"Go to Mr. True's and borrow it," said Mrs.
Linal.

"I borrowed some there yesterday, to pay for
my barrel of flour, and promised to pay to day
or to-morrow."

"And so you would have me go without, would
you?" said Georgiana.

"Now, my dear daughter, do try and study
economy; I am very much in debt, know not
which way to turn—the more my family de-
pends on me, the more I am dunned. There is my ap-
prentices' board to pay," continued Mr. Linal, turn-
ing to his wife—"if you could have boarded them
that would have saved me a little something;—
I have no money to pay it, and it soon becomes
due, and must be paid, or they must leave their
place, and their work."

Georgiana, after a few moments' reflection,
burst out a crying, thinking that tears might melt
her father's hard heart, as they had often done,
when she had accompanied them with consid-
erable noise, and a few threats that she would go
to a convent, &c. Mrs. Linal wished she
had never been married, she had so much trou-
ble.

"Well," said Mr. Linal, "I have no money;
nor can I get any; you must do as you can:—
if any one will trust, you can buy; you must go
to the stores and see,—and, giving a deep sigh,
left the house."

Some will say he was a man of no force, or
spirit, to yield as he did. Ah! he had in by-
gone days endeavored to be master of his house
—by persuasion and commands—by reason,
and by flattery, but alas! what a house! He
had proved to his sorrow that it was "better to
dwell in the wilderness, than with a contentious
and angry woman."

In what a deplorable situation was this fam-
ily—nought but anarchy and confusion reigned;
but Mrs. Linal laid all these troubles to her
husband. She told Georgiana to wipe up, for
they should go the store; they were not to be
disappointed. Ann shall get the dinner—she
was the daughter next to Georgiana, aged 13,
—who was very capable and did done the chief
of the work, for they could keep no help but a
short time. Miss Georgiana was a very diffi-
cult lady to please; they would not "put up,"
they said, with all her notions.

The ladies started off in better spirits than at
the breakfast table, but not so good as if they had
had 50 or 75 dollars with them. They directed
their course to the shop they thought most
probable of success; it was a shop just opened,
soliciting patronage, and had a pretty good stock
on hand, all favorable to their wishes. They
found two partners very polite and attentive—
quite urgent to have them buy—all very essen-
tial qualities in a salesman.

Mrs. Linal said they were so very willing to
trust, and things were so very cheap, how could
she help buying! They kept fetching them
goods, and she bought, till she found her bill
was eighty dollars; about half was for Georgi-
ana.

Eighty dollars for a rich man was not much,
but for Mr. Linal it was a great sum; a sum
spent where there should not have been a dol-
lar—it was unnecessarily expended. Geor-
giana needed not the clothes; she had rich dress-
es, too good, as I again repeat; but her moth-
er, unfortunate woman, had not been rightly edu-
cated; she placed a wrong value on dress;—
she thought more of that than she did of the
mind, manners, tempers, and dispositions of her
children—children I say now, although they
did not receive the care, the younger, espe-
cially, which children generally do. Mrs. Linal
thought only, or principally, of Georgiana's
getting well married, as she used often to say
to her husband. "Who knows but what Geor-
giana may marry a rich gentleman?" She is called
very handsome, and when she puts on a
handsome dress she looks handsomer still.—
She had often repeated this language to her

daughter, thereby cherishing this love of flat-
tery and show. They did not think 'the plain-
pear,' neither did they believe 'favor is deceit-
ful, and beauty is vain.'

In about a week from this time they were in-
vited to the Squire's. Nothing occurred un-
usual in his family during this time, one circum-
stance excepted, which I shall note—discord,
confusion, and neglect of affairs was common.
The description given in Scripture, of a good
wife, would be inapplicable to Mrs. L. "She
looketh well to the ways of her household, and
eateth not the bread of idleness."

Sabbath morn, as Mrs. Linal and Georgiana
were discussing the taste the ladies displaying
in their dress at church, little Ellen came run-
ning to her mother and said, "Now ma, you
will tell me what you drank bread and wine
for,—as she expressed it,—you have said good
many times you would tell me; now you an't
doing nothing, woot you tell me?"

"Let go my gown, and go away, my child; I
am busy, don't ask me any questions." Look-
ing at her child, and seeing how grieved she was
she said, "Go and ask your father." He was
reading a sermon that had been lent him by one
of his neighbors; he had not been to church—
his wife told him in the morning to stay at
home, and take care of the children, for it was
communion, and she would by no means be ab-
sent.

"I don't profess to know," replied Mr. L.
"Well, if you are not a professor, can't you
tell her something?"

"I can tell her for what purpose the sacrament
was instituted: she asked, I believe, why you
drunk, and that I can't answer."

"And so you would say, I am not a christian
would you?"

"I shall not judge you." Just then the bell
rang, and they put on their bonnets and went,
leaving little Ellen and her question unanswer-
ed.

At length the day arrived for the party. Mr.
and Mrs. Linal attended; the evening was fine,
and there were present a number of strangers,
friends of Squire Noyes. There was a cousin
of Maria's from Philadelphia, a fine, genteel
looking young man—a descendant of a very
rich and respectable family, and in extensive
business—all of which had been told Georgiana.
She was desirous of being introduced, but the
evening was far advanced before there was an
opportunity. "You have quite a number of
strangers present this evening," said she to Ma-
ria. "I have not been introduced to any of
them. What young gentleman is this talking
with Miss Emeline True?"

"It is my cousin, Mr. Hurd: I will introduce
you, if you like." Georgiana, without making
any reply, moved towards him, which Maria
considered the same as "I thank you, I should,"
and introduced her. He stopped and chatted
with her a short time: she was very sociable,
and as he cast his eyes over her dress, not be-
cause he thought more of dress than mind or
deportment, but as it is common with strangers,
when they meet, to notice the dress and features,
many thinking they may find something, where-
by to judge the character, he thought within
himself, she is a rich man's daughter, of consid-
erable note. He did not have sufficient con-
versation with her to find that she was ignorant,
and self-conceited, although he had made up
his mind that she was a favorite child. Mrs.
L. felt not a little pleased when she discovered
him conversing with Georgiana, for she was
confident he must soon be captivated by her
charms.

Mrs. Linal said to her husband the next morn-
ing. "You was very unwilling to get Georgiana
any thing new; but we don't know what will be
the effect of that dress yet. Mr. Hurd wouldn't
marry a lady unless she could make something
of an appearance. A man of his taste—how
much he dresses himself."

"He can afford to dress but why do you talk
of Mr. Hurd? a gentleman just come to town?"

"I saw enough last night to give me reason to
think he killed the looks of Georgiana."

"There ought to be something besides dress
to admire."

"Yet, dress, you know, helps to set off a per-
son," and, looking out the window, she saw Mr.
Hurd walking towards the house. "Don't talk
any more, Mr. Linal for Mr. Hurd is coming
this way, I dare say here; I must fix me up as
soon as possible. Ellen, you be ready to go to the
door—put him into the parlor; if he inquires
after Georgiana or me, you tell him you will
come and see if we are at home:—then, going
to the stairs, she called out, Georgiana! Mr.
Hurd is coming; and I would by no means
have him see you not dressed."

"O dear! mother, I shan't get ready, nor
look fit to be seen. What shall I wear?"

"O your best black silk will be good enough
this morning. Mr. Linal, don't you be seen;
do keep out of sight; for Mr. Hurd won't want
to see such a looking man as you," said Mrs. L.
in her husband, as she passed out of the door.
Why all this parade, this dissembling, to appear
what they were not—rich ladies?

Mr. Hurd walked leisurely along; as he
came against the shop, he thought within him-
self I will call in and see the mechanic's work
here also. "Good morning, Mr. Linal. I have
visited several mechanic's shops this morning,

and as I was walking this way, I thought I would
give you a call among the rest."

"Well sir, you will not find much here to in-
terest you; our business is very extensive—but
I make good the old saying, 'keep your shop
and your shop will keep you.' Mr. Hurd stop-
ped some time with Mr. Linal, and was about
going, when Mr. Linal invited him into the
house. Thinking at first hardly proper to call
on so slight an acquaintance, he declined; but
Mr. Linal urged, for he knew how disappointed
his wife and Georgiana would be if he did not
call. Mr. Linal walked with him to the house;
they met Mrs. Linal at the door, smiling, and
very happy to see Mr. Hurd; but she gave her
husband a look which told him he had better
go back to the shop. Mr. Hurd spoke of his
fine walk that morning—how he enjoyed living
in the country, &c.

"Georgiana likes to walk, very much; she
has gone out now, in pursuit of flowers," said
Mrs. L.
"Then she is fond of flowers?"
"O yes! she has a great knowledge of plants
—quite a botanist."

After he had been in about half an hour,
Georgiana made her appearance dressed like an
actress. After the usual ceremony of introduc-
tion, Mr. Hurd endeavored to draw Georgiana
into conversation, in order to sound her good
sense and judgement. The first subject he in-
troduced was her walk. Said he, "What suc-
cess did you meet with in your walk this morn-
ing?" "What did you say, sir?"—for Geor-
giana's mind was on the looking glass she had
broken in dressing her, thinking it was a bad
omen, and she did not hear; and had she heard
she would not have comprehended it without
some explanation, for she had taken, no walk,
and knew not what a story her mother had been
telling.

"I have been telling Mr. Hurd you have been
walking out this morning, and now he wants to
know what success," said Mrs. Linal.

"O, I did not understand—I didn't go far, it
is so very unpleasant to go out alone, and there
are so many fences and bushes in the way, and
the wet grass; indeed, I am very fond of the
city, and prefer living there much to the coun-
try." Mr. Hurd was glad to hear her say that
for he felt then, "if you will, you shall live in a
city all your days?"—yes, it must be owned she
deceived Mr. Hurd's good sense, as she had
others, many others, for her countenance betok-
ened modesty, cheerfulness, and complacency
of temper: these good qualities had interested
many—but they were disappointed on acquaint-
ance.

Mr. Hurd, as he went into his uncle's office,
the evening, found a number of men very much
engaged in story telling; he stepped to listen—
found it was Mr. Linal's family of whom they
were speaking, and his then dear Georgiana.

They had brought their accounts to leave them
and among them was the gentleman of whom
Georgiana bought her dress; he, it seemed, had
started all the others by accidentally speaking
of the extravagant bill they had run up at his
store. Very much to his surprise he was in-
formed that Mr. Linal was not worth any prop-
erty; and, being unacquainted with Mr. L., he
had not so much feeling as those who had lived
by him, and knew how hard he strove to get a
living. He sued—then others felt that they
could not lose their debts, and they took from
them every thing which they could lawfully.—
Mr. Hurd was very much astonished to hear
such truths related, though he considered at
first they were slanderous reports, raised out
of envy and malice—but he saw that his uncle
gave credence to them. As soon as there was
an opportunity, he asked his uncle what these
stories meant—if they were true.

"They mean so much I should have told you
them before you had taken another walk," said
his uncle.

Squire Noyes was a man of great discrimi-
nation and prudence; his judgement was sought
after by all; and as soon as he expressed these
words, Mr. Hurd's love for Georgiana vanished.
"I cannot, said he, as he walked from the office
to the house, fulfill my engagement to ride out
with one of so vain and weak a mind. I detest
such vanity, such pride and meanness." His
uncle overtook him, and they passed into the
house. "I shall return home, I think to-
morrow."

"Indeed," said his uncle and aunt, "why, I
thought you were going to stay several days
longer."

"I did not intend it, but I believe I must re-
turn to-morrow." They were a little surprised
but his uncle soon imagined the cause.

Mr. Hurd retired to his chamber, and wrote
the following laconic note:—

"June 7th, 183—

"Miss LINAL, I shall leave town to-morrow,
and cannot fulfil my engagements of riding out,
and taking tea with you."

Six months from this time, there had been a
great change in the Linal family. Mr. Linal
was fast declining under a pulmonary complaint
which was thought to have been brought on by
anxiety of mind, together with a cold. Mrs.
Linal had discovered the error in her education
by poverty, for they were reduced to so low
circumstances as not to have the necessities of
life. The neighbors gave willingly to Mr. Lin-
al; but their charity was attended with plain

words to her, which, at first very much enraged her, but after consideration she was convinced of their truth, and they made a lasting impression on her mind, and caused her to give her other children different instruction.

Georgiana remained at home a long time friendless, as it were, with the exception of Emeline True. She was a friend to every one; while she was at school in Philadelphia, she spoke of Georgiana to a lady, who sent for her to come into her family for a seamstress, which was a great benefit to her, both as it regarded pecuniary assistance, and improvement. Georgiana was invited with the family to Mr. Hurd's wedding party. As she entered the door, Mr. Hurd was heard to say to his wife, 'There is the lady I fancied myself in love with once, but fortunately I found her out before it became fixed. She would have ruined me forever, she was of so vain and weak a mind.'

From the Nashville Union.

Martin Van Buren.—Who is this Kinderhooker Martin Van Buren? is tauntingly asked daily—and by lawyers! My friends, Martin Van Buren is the son of two Dutch people who lived in 1782, when he was born, at the obscure little town of Kinderhook, on the Hudson; and they were rather poor too—but the father, Abraham Van Buren, was a man of excellent sense, and would have fought through the revolutionary war, where he picked up much experience. But the mother had, perhaps, more mind than the father, and was a first rate Dutch woman. So said our informant. They were a solid pair of Dutch people—honest as the day; hard-working, neat as industry and water could make them—and belonged to the Dutch reformed church: regularly working six days in the week on their little farm, and hearing a three hours Dutch sermon on Sunday, in the little stone church with the gable end to the street, in the village of Kinderhook. Martin was their oldest child. He was square built and Dutch looking, as he yet is, but rather small. He worked for his mother first—and his father when he got a little—and went to the church as they went;—and thus grew up to the time when Dutch boys are sent to school—of winters—say at about ten years old. His father had learned in the army that English was the best, and he sent him to an English school. It is strange, and what not one Dutchman in fifty would believe; it is nevertheless true, Martin was sent to an English school. The boy went to work as he had worked on the little farm at home, and forthwith left his fellows behind. In the summer he staid at home and worked, and in the winter went to school; which he longed for, as play compared to the plough tail. And so it was. We have tried the change and know. Strange to say, he beat the English boys, who went summer and winter—caught up, and in the spring was whole miles ahead. The like of this we have never seen west of Kinderhook, and you who have boys to raise may as well remember it. He neither learned to swear nor drink; to gamble or wear fine clothes. He learned only how to work—how to worship in Dutch—what the Connecticut school-master taught him of books, and a little more.

There was a sort of an Academy at Kinderhook, where a little Latin was taught, and some bits of knowledge pertaining to the Sciences—those slight sips at the fountain, that have laid the ground work of so many eminent minds in the United States. There his father sent Martin when the Connecticut teacher could teach him nothing further. Here he learned and worked by spells as before, until he got through the little Latin and the scraps of knowledge taught, which took not long. Then a difficulty arose. The father made enough to pay for his suit and iron, his taxes, tea and sugar for Sunday, and to pay the schoolmaster at home; but to send his son from home was beyond his means; it was a bitter pill for the lad. To be froze with poverty in the bud, and the country full of wealth in the hands of the large landholders, a decided aristocracy, for the want of a mere trifle, was a withering misfortune; but one under which almost the entire plebeian talent of his country had sunk during the Colonial government, at least; and in this case seemed to have no remedy, for there were other children, and the farm could not be sold to educate one, at Yale or Harvard. The lad felt his powers; he had tried his young strength with all around him, and found them nothing in his way. The very agony of disappointment, inflicted by the hard hand of poverty, which withheld him from college, strengthened his resolution not to sink under its weight; and it was a glorious determination for an unfriended, unencouraged Dutch boy in an obscure Dutch village! He determined to make a lawyer of himself; but to practice law in New York it required that a student should read seven years in a lawyer's office, unless he was a graduate at some regular college or university. Seven years, therefore, the lad had determined he would read—applied to a little lawyer's office at Kinderhook at the age of about fifteen, and was received—there to drudge up for himself the education, that ten thousand worthless coxcombs around him, the sons of wealthy parents, were daily but uselessly coaxed to acquire. Here he studied six years, as he had been taught to work at home by his father and mother—six days in the week; and heard the Dutch sermon on Sunday. That he neither trod the flowery path of knowledge, or travelled to it by a royal road, is very true, yet he made a profitable six years of it. Magistrates had a considerable jurisdiction and tried the causes before juries summoned by the constable. The Dutch people, as they did with Daniel Sheffey—and as they will with every son of a Dutchman, flocked to "Martin" for help, and he appeared before the justices and juries as their champion, during, perhaps half

the six years novitiate—acquiring a Kinderhook name and fame, as gladdening to the heart of every Dutchman that heard of it, as if Saint Nicholas had risen from the grave. One of themselves—one who could put forth their impassioned Dutch law story in English, had risen up to protect and defend their rights! Few know the trust and faith a Dutchman places in a Dutchman. It has neither law nor limit. Then again, Mr. V. B.'s father was a strong and downright democrat—and politics ran exceedingly high. The parties rarely broke bread in each other's houses, or employed lawyers of different politics. Young Van Buren went with his father and the democratic side, with strong and youthful ardor; the petty lawsuits before the magistrates were generally steeped pretty deeply in politics, as was the advocacy; of course he got the Democratic party in general, as well as the Dutch practice in particular. Thus a little money was picked up, and the seventh year Mr. Van Buren spent in the city of New York and read; he didn't drink and smoke, and swear, and haunt taverns—he read with Mr. Van Ness, formerly from near Kinderhook, but then a very distinguished member of the New York bar; and a distinguished leader of the Jeffersonian party in that State—about 1803, in the minority, and sorely beset by powerful federal opponents, whom Mr. Van Buren and his Dutch and Democratic friends some ten years afterwards, helped to upset—for which he has been called very hard names. The seventh year ended—Mr. V. B. took out a license, and sat down at his native village in November 1803, to practice his profession; which he did with a degree of integrity, and eventually a splendor of ability, of which every American lawyer should be proud. Of his legal career from 1803, to the fall of 1828, when he descended from his legal pre-eminence to be Governor of New-York, we shall speak hereafter.

HUDSON.

THE PORTRAIT OF BELL AND WHITE GIVEN IN A LONDON PERIODICAL.

The New Monthly Magazine gives a succession of portraits of classes of men figuring in England at present. The sketches are presented under the general head of "NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS." We think the following, from the last number of the Magazine, will be recognised by the good people of Tennessee at a glance. It may be, however, that the exasperation of disappointment has by this time so thoroughly and bitterly enlisted the "no party" apostates in the cause of the opposition, as to have torn off the no party mask, and make the picture no longer a likeness. The people will remember how they looked a year ago, the era of Bell's no-party harangue.—Globe.

They will see every feature of the man and his confederate in the following article:

PORTRAITS OF NOTORIOUS CHARACTERS. THE MAN WHO BELONGS TO NO PARTY.

This gentleman is the living personification of the Malaprop Cerberus—three gentlemen at once. He is Tory, Whig and Radical—and belongs to neither party. In his excess of impartiality he joins all three, and discards them in turn. The three goddesses are continually contending on the little Mount Ida of his imagination, and each wins the prize once a day. At breakfast Sir Robert Peel is unanswerable; by dinner time Lord John has stammered out something convincing; and with the third bottle, O'Connell reels in, to the air of "See the conquering hero comes." He is a more exquisite monster than that of the enchanted island for he has three voices, and if he had three votes would give one to each party, to preserve the balance, and prove his independence.

His is a comfortable creed, for it entirely excludes the workings of that antiquated inconvenience. The man who belongs to no party can support each in succession, without damage to his character. Deviate as he may from the direct path, he can not forfeit his consistency. It is his privilege, and his only, to take that course upon every occasion which his inclinations or his interests point out. He it is who can, with perfect impunity—with no possibility of impossibility of impeachment—allow fair play to be the first law of nature—that of self-preservation. He is bound by no principle but that which is comprised in the duty of 'taking care of yourself.' That he considers to be the whole duty of a Man. Teach us that, he thinks, and you have taught us all. If every subject would but fulfil that duty, if every individual only knew how to 'take care of himself,' the doctrine of perfectibility would be no longer a dream, and the Millennium no longer moonshine.

It is one of his maxims, that the man who is indifferent to his own interests can have no concern about those of other people. If he be unkindly of himself, how can he be thinking of his fellow creatures? And yet, he remarks, nothing is more common than to hear self sacrifices. People not only neglect their duty towards themselves and abandon the very interests they are most bound to guard—but afterwards they walk abroad into the public streets and proclaim what they have done—as though there were nothing criminal, but something glorious, in inflicting injury upon a human being. Nay, so strong is this delusion, that the very people—and this indeed is curious—the very people who are prone to take care of themselves, are generally the first to boast their self-sacrifices. The innocent absolutely stand self-accused, and beg to be condemned—quite glad to be even suspected of the very folly they would be ashamed to commit.

Amongst these you will not find the 'Man of no Party.' He is a gentleman of too much decision of character—too upright and too downright. According to his creed, that man is the true patriot who never misses an oppor-

tunity of serving himself; he alone is the real lover of his country who constantly devotes his mind, through good and ill report, to the prosperous working out of his own individual ends.

Although these ends may be often attained by an obstinate attachment to a particular party—and the shallow think this the certain way—they are only to be effectually accomplished through the medium of a delicate independence of all parties—and this the cunning know. Independence is nothing more than a sense of dependence suppressed—as contentment is the art of hiding your desires, or as innocence is in guilt undetected. The man of no party, then, is independent, because he contrives to conceal the fact that all parties are essential to him. Concealing that, he becomes essential to all parties.

Now suppose him to make choice of one;—directly he does so, he ceases to be of consequence. He is a convert to the right creed, and is never heard of afterwards. A party cannot afford to reward a friend whose sufferings are sure of for nothing. It is throwing a good thing away to bestow it where it has been earned—favours in the political world should be employed to bribe, and not to recompense. He is a party man, and must look for his reward in the triumph of his cause. With his party he must vote, right or wrong—that is, for or against his own interests—being equally sure of receiving no indemnification from the other side. He has made up his mind, and he may die a beggar when he likes. His opinions are known—his vote certain—there is an end of him.

But look at him as he is, a Man of no Party, joining either of the three when it suits him, bound fast to none, an object of desire to all.

What more felicity can fall to creature Than to enjoy delight with delight?

He is a creature who has both, whose movements are matters of importance, whose intentions are universally speculated upon. Every body is curious about his opinion on the subject, because it is only to be guessed at; every body wants to know what he thinks, because he has not made up his mind; every body conceives his vote to be of consequence, because they wonder on which side it will be given.—Each party fancies him its own, and the eyes of Europe are upon him? Meantime he saunters from side to side, prying into every thing and looking out for the shortest and surest path to his own advantage:

There he is, not caring about doth life, And takes survey with busy, curious eye, Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly—

deciding at last according to his sovereign will and pleasure. He has no predilections, no prejudices; he is bound to no pledge, trammelled by no party; he is himself alone, and is like no brother; he can do what he likes with his own opinion and his own vote; the minister goes out and the minister coming in are the same to him; he is a free-born, independent Englishman, who proves his anxiety for others by taking care of himself, and his good wishes for the interests of his country by assiduously promoting his own.

From the Spectator.

The following extract from the New York Evening Post, calculated for the meridian of New York, will yet, like Robert B. Thomas' Almanac, answer for the adjoining States. Give gold and silver fair play, cease to bolster up paper issues by corporation credit—and we have no fears for a sound currency. We have no objection to paper, when assured it is backed by specie. But based on property which is ever in the market, and ever fluctuating, it forms a variable and unsafe currency. Let the specie first be obtained and placed in proper deposit and bills issued from such source will never bear discount—but paper with no other base than real estate is always seeking and literally buying credit. Like property itself, it fluctuates with every change—always below specie value, never commanding that premium which gold and silver so readily obtained.—

"The Journal of Commerce wishes to know the substance of our doctrine about currency. Our creed on this, as on many other subjects, is summed up in one word, *free trade*. Not that free trade that the Journal tells us of. Not that free trade under the auspices of a restraining law, handcuffed by false friends, trammelled by hard taskmasters, and chained to the car of state, like a captive monarch in a Roman triumph. Give coin and credit a fair field and no favor. Give us a free Mint. Give us the means of having gold and silver in convenient forms—in forms adapted to free circulation, at prices such as demand and manufacture alone would regulate; then, repeal the restraining law, let paper promises pass just for what the reputation of the promiser will give them, take from these fictitious representatives of value and disgracefully unequal endorsement of state credit, and paper and hard money will each be taught its place. The petty exchanges of society will be effected not through the medium of the clumsy coinage which now gives such unfair advantage to bank bills, but by a portable, substantial, trust-worthy representative of value, quite as easily fingered as a note of hand, and a hundred times more true to its engagements. Paper promises will be driven from the field of retail circulation. They will still form a part of the wholesale currency.—

And to this we have no conceivable objection. On the contrary, we believe that credit deserves all the high encomiums it has received. But because credit is a grand thing, that is no reason why cash is to be treated like a step-daughter. Because credit is a fine lady, and can show off on a gala-night, that is no reason why cash should be always buried in the chimney corner. Let each, in short, take the shape and fill the places that free competition will assign

them.—Why should the light artillery or printed promises be afraid of a pitched battle with their heavy-armed opponents? Unbind the two antagonists, strip them naked of all adventitious weapons of advantage, set them forth in the wide arena of generous emulation in the service of the public, and the currency which comes alive out of that fair fight, is the currency which we hold to be best.

From the Portland Jeffersonian.

THE ELECTION.—We spoke a few weeks ago in our paper, of the divisions which existed in several of the counties among our political friends. It cannot be denied that there is a very general and growing dissatisfaction throughout the State in regard to the manner in which nominations of candidates for the suffrages of the people have too often been made. There is and has been in several of the counties, and throughout the State an association or connection of individuals, who have combined to rule the State, and put each other, and their co-brothers into office through the machinery of what they call party discipline, and the management of caucus nominations. Pack one third of a caucus or convention, and you may generally obtain what nomination you please. Such associations as we speak of can probably, always procure fairly and without intrigue and manoeuvring one quarter of the delegates of a convention to be returned from among their own trusty adherents. If then by dint of any species of trickery or even violence, they can pack one third more, the convention is theirs. Having by hook or by crook procured the nomination of such persons as will answer their purposes, then comes in play the doctrine of regular nominations. The people must vote at all hazards for the regular nominated candidates.—

The right of judging for one's self, is no longer to be exercised under the penalty of being denounced as having 'turned federalists,' and of trying to 'break up the party.' It is thus the people have been cozened and cheated in the selection of candidates—and then boldly, and imperiously, and dictatorially called upon to sanction, approve, and ratify the fraud practised upon themselves.

For a time the people looked upon the operations of this cunningly devised system with amazement and stupor. They were bewildered; and if any old friend, or more experienced member of the party attempted to lift the curtain and point out the manner in which the wires were made to move the puppets of the show, the cry of 'turned federalists,' 'breaking up the party,' raised by the whole craft, silenced every murmur. This state of things has endured longer than we supposed it could have done.— It is now passing away. The reign of terror is rapidly drawing to a close. The people are beginning to arise, to look about them, and to enquire. The watch words of 'turned federalists,' 'breaking up the party,' have lost their power. We have the most conclusive evidence of this in the late elections. The people are once more beginning to assert for themselves, and to exercise also, the right of private judgment. They are everywhere beginning to let these associations of manoeuvring and bargaining politicians understand that although the people may be blinded and deceived for a time, they cannot be made dupes of forever. The divisions we see, therefore, in this county and elsewhere generally are no evidence of a falling off from the democratic party. On the contrary, they are a proof of a more healthy action in the party. Our Robespierres will endeavor to 'put in the knife,' to use one of their own delicate phrases. Already is the cry raised, 'There must be more blood.'—The factious must be subjected to the operation of their political guillotine. But like their archetype in France, they will find they cannot cut off heads fast enough. Already there is too much light and information abroad among the people.— They have had a glimpse at the wires and machinery.

The democratic party was never stronger in this State than it now is. All the people demand is to be delt fairly by. They will not submit to be dragged by sheriffs and deputy sheriffs.

The doctrine of 'adhering to regular nominations' is one that we do not and never have quarrelled with. What we have insisted upon is that nominations should be 'regular,' that is, that the nominations should be the free, fair and uncontrolled expression, of the people's preference of this or that man for a candidate. The whole caucus system is based on the supposition of perfect good faith and honor, among men meeting on the platform of common principle and acting on the level of perfect equality. It is a fundamental condition that there should exist a spirit of mutual conciliation and deference, not only in the action of the delegates chosen, but in the selection of the persons to attend the caucus as delegates. Now to suppose that freemen, independent and intelligent freemen are to be bound to vote for whoever a convention may nominate, when that convention itself was infected with fraud, and one quarter or one third of its members elected by trick and management—to suppose we say that the people are bound to support such nominations, is to reduce them from the high distinction of freemen to the humble rank of serfs and tools for ambitious demagogues.

The doctrine of party discipline and 'regular nominations' so much talked of by the associations we have alluded to—is in the hands of these gentlemen, an engine to be used by them only when it serves their turn. They are among the first to rebel when the candidate nominated is not of their own kidney, or at least has not made his bargain with them. We shall advert to this subject again for the purpose of showing the people how much at variance are

the professed doctrines and the practice of these noisy brawlers about party discipline and regular nominations. And here let us not be misunderstood or misrepresented. We are not the preachers of discord and division, but are and will continue to be the fearless advocates of the rights of the people to think and act for themselves.

One of two things must be true. Harrison's political principles must be obnoxious to those who are best acquainted with him, or they must know him to be destitute of probity or ability.— Witness the following facts:—

In 1820, Wm. H. Harrison was a candidate for the office of Governor of Ohio. The vote stood thus:—

For E. A. Brown	34,836
" Jeremiah Morrow	9,426
" Wm. H. Harrison	4,348

In 1831, Wm. H. Harrison, was a candidate for Representative to the Legislature of Ohio, from Hamilton County, where he now resides and has resided for many years. The votes were as follows:—

For C. G. Disney (elected)	2396
" Alexander Duncan	1825
" Daniel T. Hawes	1706
" Wm. H. Harrison (not elected)	1497

Can the man who, notwithstanding the great public services which he claims to have performed in the field and the cabinet, was thus rejected for the station of Representative to the Legislature by his neighbors and fellow-citizens, while other men of the same party were elected, be fit for the Presidency of this Republic?

What a contrast do these facts present to the resistless popularity of VAN BUREN and JOHNSON, among their neighbors and fellow-citizens? The former raised step by step by his talents, integrity, and sound political principles and by the confidence of his fellow-citizens, over the heads of some of the most talented men this country has ever produced, at an early age crowned with the highest honors the empire State could bestow, and now retaining that hold upon the affection and confidence of the people, which the unceasing and violent attacks of a powerful and well organized opposition have labored in vain, for a series of years, to destroy or diminish—the other honored with the highest trusts from a state in which he is, politically in a minority and returned to Congress term after term by the unanimous vote of his neighbors and fellow-citizen!—Harrison may, after all, be a great man—the editor of Kennebec Journal says so; and he may know better about it than any body else—still it is unfortunate for the General that his reputation is the greatest where he is least known, and that those who know him best seem to prize him least.—

Age.

Maryland.—The college of Senatorial electors in Maryland has not yet been organized, no quorum being present on account of the refusal of the Democratic electors to go into an election except on certain conditions. All the electors assembled at the usual time at Annapolis, the seat of Government. The federal electors, representing a white population of 85,000, claimed the right to elect the whole senate.— The Democratic electors, representing a white population of 265,000, and having received a large majority of the popular votes, proposed that eight out of the fifteen electors should be yielded by the minority of 85,000 to the majority of 205,000; and that unless that proposition was accepted, they would refuse to go into an election. The opposition was rejected by the minority electors, and the majority electors then absented themselves, leaving no quorum in attendance. The effect of this is that no new laws will be passed, and that the present Executive officers will hold over to another election.—Age.

REGULAR NOMINATIONS. The duty incumbent on every true democrat of sustaining regular nominations, when fairly and properly made, is forcibly illustrated in the following extract from the Augusta Age. At the present time, when we witness so much difficulty growing out of a departure from this salutary practice, the subject is worthy of especial attention:—

Regular Nominations.—Now is the time, if ever, for those who are really attached to the principles of Democracy, to insist upon a strict adherence to regular nominations. Every nomination for Congress in this State which we have published as a 'regular nomination,' has been sustained and confirmed at the late election, by a decisive majority of the electors represented in the Convention making the nomination. This ought to silence at once all cavils about unfairness and intrigue in the conventions. Now, at any rate, and beyond all cavil, Messrs. Smith of the Cumberland District, Cilley of the Lincoln District, Marshall of the Waldo District, and Pillsbury of the Hancock and Washington District, are proved to have been the candidates of the majority of the democratic party in their respective districts, and yet they have been opposed and defeated by the votes of professed democrats. Is this opposition to continue longer?—The majority in each case is so decisive, that no room is left for doubt. The usages of the party—usages sanctioned again and again by the Democracy of Maine, and consecrated by the glorious triumphs they have been instrumental in producing—demand that the minority do yield to the will of the majority thus fairly expressed, and unite with their democratic brethren in support of the regular nominations. To do otherwise, as all experience has shown, is to weaken and eventually destroy the party to which we profess attachment, and virtually to oppose

From the Saturday Courier.
DYING FROM HOME.
"Mayest thou die among thy kindred."
EASTERN SATURDAY.

"Why have ye brought me so far away,
From my mountain home, where the wild winds play?
Ye tell me there's health in the summer air,
And I know that the skies are lovely and fair:
But on my young heart is a withering hand,
And I long to die in my native land."

"Rest, weary one, rest—the flowers are sweet,
Bending in fragrance beneath thy feet:
Thy native land is barren and cold,
Too bleak for one of a gentle mould;
And faint and few are the shadows that fall
From the fir-tops, on thy father's hall."

"My father's hall! Oh, would I were there,
Breathing in fragrance beneath thy feet:
I hear the sound of thy murmuring bee,
But dearer the sound of thy waters to me:
And the huntsman's wild horn, as he starts the deer,
Would be music once more in thy forests to hear."

"Loveliest look from thy shady bower,
In that sweet hour when the sun's rays
Shine on the grass and the flowers
And the birds are singing in the trees:
The baby sleeps on its mother's knee—
All are at peace and in rest but thee."

"My mother sits sad and lonely now,
Sickness and sorrow have shaded her brow;
My little sister has left her play,
To talk of one who is far away:
O would I were of that cherished band!
Have I left thee, forever, my native land?"

"Content thee, dearest still gladly to dwell
With the friends of thy youth, who love thee well:
See, I have brought of the freshest bloom,
To cheer thy heart with its rich perfume:
And here are diamonds of beauty rare,
To twine with the wreaths of thy raven hair."

"Ye are kind, my friends, ye are kind to me,
But my weary heart still pants to flee
(Like a stricken dove to her woodland nest)
To the bosom of her who loves me best.
O for a fold of that meek mother's face!
O for a glance at that sainted face!"

"Griefs have no spell round the heart to cling,
But the name of home is a holy thing:
Friends cannot read with a mother's eye
Wishes that fleet like shadows by:
This is a fair and a lovely spot,
But my heart with its gladness abideth not."

"Blossoms are sweet, but they wither and fade—
Thus have my hopes in their bud decayed;
O that my own cherished flowers might wave,
With their balmy breath, o'er my early grave!
Its rest by the mountain breezes fann'd—
Let me die, let me die in my native land!"

ANECDOTES OF GALLANTRY.—The progress of gallantry is a subject not unworthy some attention.

It should appear that the Turks had produced some impression as well by their opinions as their arms, in Europe; for St. Foix quotes Gregory, of Tours, to prove, that, at the council of Macon, the question whether women were or were not human beings, was hotly disputed; and, after much division of sentiment, it was at last solemnly decreed, in this council, that women constituted a part of the human race.

It is more difficult than men are usually aware to convince them that any one of the opinions they at present hold are either mischievous or absurd.

At the same council of Macon, another decree was issued, by which every layman, meeting a priest or deacon on the road, must present his neck to be trod upon; that, if the layman and priest were both on horseback, the layman must stop and reverently salute the priest; and that, if the priest were on foot, and the layman on horseback, the layman must alight, and not remount till the priest should be at a certain distance, the whole under pain of being interdicted as long as it should please the metropolitan.

When crimes were multiplied, and the life of even a bishop might be paid for, to touch the hand of a free-woman, without her consent, was so great an offence, that whoever ventured to do it was fifteen sols of gold; double that sum if he took her by the arm; the quadruple, if he touched her bosom; and so forth.

Under the reign of Philip V. there was a whimsical society of fanatics, called *la ligue des amans* (the league of lovers), who pretended to prove the excess of their passion by an invincible resistance to every rigour of the seasons. The knights, squires, and ladies married and single, who were admitted of the order, in obedience to their institutes, were to have very little clothing in cold weather, and very much when the heat was greatest. In winter it would have been disgraceful to have found them in their houses; flowers and foliage, if they were to be procured, then garnished their fireplaces. When one of them entered a house, the husband very carefully provided for the horse of the lover, and left him master of the mansion, not entering again till he departed. He in his turn received the same complaisance (if he were of the fraternity) from the husband of the order, who was the object of his assiduities.

The extravagant society continued till the greatest part of the lovers died of cold, declaiming on the constancy, force, and effervescence of their flame.

Of the gallantry of knights and dames of old St. Foix relates many animated traits.

In the ages of chivalry no one could hope to please the ladies but in proportion to his courage and address in military exercises; they sought adorners among the brave; the proofs they required of the merit of a lover, and the force of his attachment, were combats, victories, and trophies. They would rather see him die than fly.

Marivaut, one of the bravest gentlemen in the royal army, meeting Marolles, who served in the army of the *ligue*, demanded if there were no one of his party willing to break a lance for the love of the ladies.

"There are a thousand," replied Marolles; "but you need go no further than me."

"You are then valiant, and in love," said

Marivaut. "So be it. I esteem you the more."

The party was appointed for the morrow; and great preparations were made for the combat. Both the armies, and all the ladies, witnessed the victory of Marolles, who buried his lance in the eye of his adversary. Marivaut fell dead. The conqueror was brought to Paris with music, *fanfares*, and public acclamations. The ladies crowned his victory; the people crowded the streets to see him pass; the preachers of the *ligue* said, from the pulpit, that the youth David had killed the Philistine Goliath; and the wit, who wrote verses in honour, formed an anagram of his name—*laudus de Marolles—Adum in duello carus*.

As Francis I happened one day to be amusing himself by a combat of lions, a lady, having let her glove fall, said to De Lorges—"If you wish me to believe you love me as much as you every day swear you do, go and bring back my glove." De Lorges immediately went down among these terrible animals, took up the glove, returned, and threw it in the lady's face; and, in despite of all her arts and advances, refused ever to visit her again. His courage was great, and so was his good sense.

Such anecdotes are excellent to show the changes produced in manners by the progress of time and knowledge.

In the annals of gallantry the name of Diana of Poitiers has long been famous. She was the wife of the grand seneschal of Normandy, the daughter of the court of St. Valier, and maid of honour to queen Claude. Her father, convicted of having favoured the escape of the constable of Bourbon, was condemned to be beheaded, and saved by the intercession of Diana with whose charms Francis I when he beheld her, became enamoured. It was St. Valier, whose hair is recorded to have turned grey in one night.

Henry II, son and successor of Francis, was still more powerfully captivated by Diana, and she became his mistress at the age of forty, when he was but eighteen, several years before his father's death, and so continued during the life of her lover, even at the age of sixty, preserving her charms, as it is affirmed, in all the freshness and activity of youth, to the last. So great was the passion of Henry, that he not only created her a duchess, but had a medal struck in her honour. Of this passion, also, the initials of Henry and Diana, interlaced in a cross in various parts of the Louvre, are another remaining proof.

According to father Bodin, Henry II. made polygamy death; yet perhaps no French author can be found who has ever even seemed to hint that there was anything so much as indecent in Diana of Poitiers having been the mistress of father and son.

"I am celebrated in the duel."

More New Books.

JUST received at the Oxford Bookstore, the following Books, viz:—

Baker's French Dictionary.
Neugens's French & English do.
Levi's French Grammar.
Scratch's do.
Cleveland's Latin Grammar.
Bolman's French & Italian.
Comstock's Mineralogy.
Combe's Physiology.
Life of Mary, V. B. Boxer, by Wm. W. Holland.
Winchell's Watt's Patent.
Improvement of Society, by Thomas Dick, L. L. D.
Alonso & Melissa—Charlotte Temple, &c. &c.
Also Shell Side Combs, new Ivory Pocket Combs—FINE GOLD BRADS, Bar Drops, and Breast Pins; Elegant Belt Buckles—Glass Bells, in Great Variety; Old Windsor, and other first rate Sewing Soap.
W. E. GOODNOW.
Norway-Village, Sept. 6, 1836.

WILSON'S

Spiral Vent Water Wheel.

FOR propelling Saw-Mills, Grist-Mills, Cotton and Woollen Manufactories, and all kinds of machinery to which Water Power is applicable.

The following are some of the advantages of this wheel over other wheels, viz:—

1st. Because the original expense, taking into the account the expense of keeping them in repair, is comparatively small.

2d. Because a greater power is obtained with the same water, than can be with any other wheel—something like two to one.

3d. Because the speed is such, in most cases, that gearing for the purpose of getting up speed is unnecessary.

4th. Because they work freely in back water, and are an invaluable improvement on flat streams, and low heads beyond any thing heretofore known.

The subscriber having purchased the exclusive right of constructing, using and vending to others, these wheels for the County of Oxford, now offers to the public this valuable improvement, with full confidence that he can give perfect satisfaction to any reasonable man. All inquiries promptly resisted.

THOMAS CHASE.

Norway-Village, June, 1836.

Applications promptly attended to.

The Spiral Vent Water Wheel has been in use about 5 years, and is now extensively used in many parts of the United States. In Pennsylvania County, &c. these wheels stand unrivalled. That Mill owners in this country may know something of their value, I subjoin in my possession, from highly respectable gentlemen, for whom I have put these wheels in operation within a few months last past.

The subscribers hereby certify that they have had in operation, in their Saw-Mill in this town for nearly one year, Wilson's Spiral Vent Water Wheel, that they have found it to succeed beyond their anticipation, with one third the water used for their water-wheel, which one of the kind in common use, their Mill will perform one third more business with Wilson's Improved Wheel.

LEVI WHITMAN.

NATURAL BENNETT.

EDR. HOBBS.

The undersigned being acquainted and having in use and operation several of Wilson's Spiral Vent Water Wheels for propelling Saw-Mills, Circular Saws, Engine lathes, Grist Mill Machinery, and Foundry Belows, cheerfully certify to their use and utility, and their superiority over all other wheels with which we are acquainted. On the same subject to back water, and where the head and fall is small, they claim a decided advantage. We believe that not more than one half the water is required in the use of this wheel to perform the same labor, that is required by the common wheel.

J. B. NORTON.

JARVIS S. KENT.

LUTHER GAMMON.

CALEB WOODWARD.

Oxford, June, 1836.

Collector's Notice.—Fryeburg.

NOTICE is hereby given to the non-resident proprietors and owners of land in the town of Fryeburg, State of Maine, and county of Oxford, that the same are taxed for county and town taxes, in the bills committed to me for collection, for the year a. d. 1836, and remain unpaid, as follows:

Owner.	Acres.	Value.	Tax.
Non-resident (Original proprietors).			
Owner unk. J. Chandler, Jr.	46	103,412.27	2.72
Dudley Bean, Codman land.	1	500,730.45	1.35
Owner unk. E. Walker, 1	1	150,184.14	0.41
David Badger, 1 Frye, 1	1	16,210.12	0.43
Owner unk. J. Frye, 1	53	50,150.00	1.33
do. M. Ames, 1	39	21,123.81	0.56
Smith & Dodge, M. Stacy	32	108,324.21	2.83
Owner unk. J. Farrington, 1	53	500,500.30	1.35
do. John Russell, part of	18	4,501,500.00	11.75
Simon F. Hamden, A. Chandler,	18	53,353.17	1.43
Buildings & land, E. Walker,	1	100,709.42	2.72
occupied by J. Hamden, 1	1	10.50	0.28
J. Eastman, Jr. J. Frye, Meadow	1	5,525.13	0.15
Owner unk. Moses Day, Upland	40	55,251.65	1.50
do. do. do. 30	30	2,300.00	0.62
Land taxed last year to J. Wentworth,	5	30,190.79	0.81
Richard Russell, W. Eaton Intervale, 1-331	5	23,100.00	0.62
do. do. 1-37	3	1,400.23	0.38
do. do. Saw-Mill	5	15.45	0.43
Owner unk. John Charles,	7	21.14	0.57
do. Evans, 1	1	10.50	0.28

Unless said taxes with all intervening charges are paid to me on or before Monday the second day of February next, at 10 o'clock A. M. I shall proceed to sell, at Public Vendue, at the Inn of Samuel Souther in said Fryeburg, so much of their land as will pay said taxes, with all legal costs.

JAMES HOBBS, Jr.
Fryeburg, Sept. 16, 1836. Collector of Fryeburg.

Collector's Notice.—Summer.

NOTICE is hereby given to the Non-resident Proprietors of land in the town of Summer, in the county of Oxford, that they are taxed in the bills committed to me for collection, for the year a. d. 1836, and remain unpaid, as follows:

Proprietors Names.	No. of Acres.	Valuation.	Taxes for 1836.	Taxes for 1835.	Total.
James Tewksbury, part of	15	30	21c	21c	42c
Amos Poor in, formerly owned by John Cox,	20	35	23c	32c	55c
John Cox, part of gore formerly owned by J. Cox, lying north of J. Tewksbury's	18	33	24c	18c	42c
Amos Poor A. 1836	46	72	35c	50c	85c
Edmund Dean, Jr. west gore	63	175	1,40c	1,40c	2,80c

And unless said taxes and all necessary intervening charges are paid to me, on or before the 23rd day of January next, so much of said lands will be sold at Public Auction, on said day, at one of the clock P. M. at my dwelling house in said Summer, as may be necessary to discharge the same.

DAVID MORRELL
Summer, September 12, 1836.

Sheriff's Sale.

Oxford, ss: TAKEN on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue, on Monday the 24th of October next, at one of the clock in the afternoon, at the dwelling house of Amos Poor in, Denmark, the right in equity of redeeming a certain tract or parcel of land situated in Amos Poor, being the same that was conveyed to said Amos Poor by John Poor of Brownfield, by Deed of Mortgage, dated December 1, A. D. 1832; said tract containing fifty acres of land, more or less, and is situated in said Amos Poor. A more definite description will be given at the time and place of sale.

JAMES WALKER, Deft. Sh. T.
Paris, Sept. 12, 1836.

NOTICE.

THIS certifies that I have this day given my son ZENAS WALKER, his time, and declare him free to trade and act for himself, so much of his earnings, and shall pay no debts of his contracting after this date.

AMOS WHEELER.
Attest—JEREMIAH GROVER, Jr.
Silas Grover, 3w5
Bethel, May 13, 1836.

To the Honorable Senate and House of Representatives in Legislature assembled on the first Wednesday of July, A. D. 1836.

THE Subscriber respectfully represents, that residing in the town of Hartford in the County of Oxford, on that part of Thompson's Grant, so called, which is situated on the easterly side of Whitney Pond, and is in part of said town of Hartford, and is situated in said Hartford, and are not sufficiently numerous to make it an object to form a district themselves. And your petitioners are subjected to great disadvantages and inconveniences, and are, moreover, obliged to travel to do military duty a distance of about five miles, and through a part of the town of Canton. Your petitioners further represent that it would be a great advantage to them to be annexed to said town of Canton, as in that event they would not be obliged to travel more than three miles to attend town meetings and trainings, and a convenient school district might be formed by uniting with them a few families which now reside in said Canton and are not well accommodated in regard to schools in said town of Canton.

Your petitioners therefore pray the Legislature to cause them, together with their estate, including that part of said Thompson's Grant, situated on the easterly side of Whitney Pond, as aforesaid, to be set off from said town of Hartford and annexed to said town of Canton, and as in duty bound will ever pray.

[Signed.] PELEG MITCHELL, and six others.
Hartford, December 31, 1835.

The subscribers, owners and nonresident proprietors of that part of Thompson's Grant within mentioned are of opinion that the prayer of the within petition is reasonable and think it ought to be granted.

ROBERTSON GAMMON and two others.

State of Maine.

In SENATE, January 20, 1836.

On the Petition aforesaid, Ordered, That the petitioners, cause an attested copy of their Petition, with this order thereon, to be published in the Oxford Democrat, a newspaper published in Paris thirty days at least before the first Wednesday of the next Legislature, that all persons interested, may then appear and show cause (if any they have) why the prayer of said Petition should not be granted.

Sent down for Concurrence.

JOSIAH PIERCE, President.

In the House of Representatives, January 21, 1836.

Read and Concurred.

A true copy of the petition and order thereon.

Attest, WILLIAM TRAFLET, Secretary of the Senate.

Dissolution.

It is, this day, by mutual consent, dissolved—The company of the company will be settled by Mr. Houghton, who has purchased the whole stock in trade.

SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON.

Norway-Village, Aug. 25, 1836.

THE subscriber having in trade the whole stock of Houghton, will continue business at the Old Stand in the place, and solicits the favors of his friends and the public, as in duty bound will ever pray.

Houghton and Houghton are notified that settlement must be made with the subscriber.

SAMUEL H. HOUGHTON.

Norway-Village, Aug. 25th, 1836.

JOB WORK.

NEATLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE.

New Books.

JUST added at the Oxford Bookstore—Polyglot Bibles, an elegant edition.
Peter Parley's Abridged Bible.
do South America.
do Europe.
do Poetry.
do Fables.
do Library, 8 Vols.
do Magazines—bound volumes.

Way to do Good—Hebrew Wife—Baptized Child—Child's Book of the Sabbath—Domesticated Animals—Disasters at Sea, Shipwrecks, &c.—Right & Wrong—Familiarity—Fables—Legends—Harp of Zion—Glory of America—History of the First—Highwaymen—Child's Book of Biography—Boys own Week Day Book—Youth's Keepsake—Youth's Port Folio—Scenes of Wealth—History U. States, by C. B. Taylor—Coggswell's Manual of Theology and Devotions—Sailor Boy.

DR. THAYER'S GENUINE VEGETABLE FAMILY PILLS.

A prime article.

C. P. Newton's OIL OF LIQUID OPODELDOC, on ANY OTHER BALM.

The German HEADACHE POWDER.

This article will cure the head in the most extreme cases, when nothing else will help it. It is calculated from pain, and will keep a person from drowsy and lethargic sensations in Church, which is most disagreeable.

Cooly's Superior COMPOSITION SOAP, for taking soils from cloth.

BRASSIVE SALT.

This article instantly removes Stains of Ink, Iron, moulds, Fruit, &c. from lace, muslin, linen and cotton goods, without the least injury to the finest and most delicate textures.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway, Sept. 19, 1836.

First Rate Family Groceries.

CONSTANTLY for sale by the subscriber, at the Oxford Bookstore, viz: Tea—Coffee—Double refined Loaf, Lump, and Brown Sugar—Ginger—Allspice—Pepper—Cloves—Ginger—First rate Box Raisins, different kinds—Rice, Sallarat, &c. among which will be found the best articles for sickness.

CEPHALIC, and first quality Maccabey SNUFF.

MEDICINES.

Just added, viz: SWAIM'S PANACEA, for the cure of Scourful or King's Evil, Syphilis and Mercurial Diseases, Rheumatism, Ulcerous Sores, Swelling, &c. and all diseases arising from Impure Blood. It is also recommended to those whose constitutions are broken down by the injurious use of Mercury, Bark, or Quinine, &c. and all those whose Lungs and Chest are supposed to be diseased.

THE VEGETABLE PULMONARY BALM.

The most valuable remedy discovered for Consumption, Coughs, Colds, Jaundice, Spitting of Blood, Hooping Cough, and Pulmonary Affections of every kind.

W. E. GOODNOW.

Norway-Village, Aug. 30, 1836.

For Sale.

THE FARM formerly owned by the late HAZELTON PIKE. It is situated 24 miles from the Court House in Paris, Maine, consists of about 175 acres of land of excellent quality, suitably divided into mowing, pasture and wood-land—on which is about one thousand rods of good Stone Wall. The buildings are a two story House—Barn 100 by 30 ft.—2 story shed. A good well for the House, and an excellent aqueduct with an abundant supply of water for the Barn. The Orchard is beautiful and thrifty, and of choice engrafted fruit.

Said farm is well watered and under good improvement—cuts about 50 tons of good English Hay, and has pasturage for 50 head of cattle, and it is probably one of the best SHEEP farms in the State. There is also on said farm a first rate MILL.

Tracts—One fourth Cash, and the residue in three, nine, and twelve months. Enquire of

SIMON S. STEVENS, or

R. K. GOODNOW.

Paris, Maine, July 19, 1836.

It is believed that, for the last six or eight years, Wool has been grown on said farm amounting, annually, in value to from \$150 to \$200.

Commissioners' Notice.

THE undersigned having been appointed by the Hon. Judge, of Probate for the County of Oxford, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors to the estate of

JAMES W. RIPLEY,

late of Fryeburg, in said County, Esquire, deceased, represented insolvent, would give notice, that a meeting of the creditors of said estate, for the purpose of settling the claims of creditors to bring in and prove their claims; and that they will attend to said duty assigned them, on the last Saturdays of October, December, January, and February next, from 10 o'clock A. M. to 4 o'clock P. M.

E. L. OSGOOD,

IRA TOWLE,

JAS. O. MCNEILAN.

Fryeburg, Aug. 31st, 1836.

Administrator's Sale.

WILL be sold, by virtue of a license from the Judge of Probate for the County of Oxford, on Friday the seventh day of October next, at the Office of Lyman Rawson in Rumford in said County, the real estate of the late of RUMFORD, deceased, as will produce the sum of Eighty dollars and seventy cents, for the payment of his just debts and incidental charges. Said real estate consists of a Pew in the meeting house near Rumford Point, numbered fifty-eight.

LYMAN RAWSON, Administrator.

Rumford, September 16, 1836.

ADVERTISEMENT.

FOUND in the town of Norway, the 6th day of September, A. D. 1836, four cows and two calves of different colors, all of a red color; committed to the custody of James Flint, Pound-keeper, by Levi Gorham, damage. The owner is requested to pay damages and cost, and take the said cows and calves away.

Jun EASTMAN, by request of

JAMES FLINT, Pound-keeper.

FISK & HINKLEY'S

Brick Machines

FOR SALE by the subscriber at Hallowell, and warranted for sale also by the following Agents, for which they are intended.

Francis F. Haines, Livermore—Capt. Daniel Holde, Farmington—John Miller, Esq. Warren—Kiddler & Taffell, Cambridgeport—Joel Burlingame, Detroit, M. T.

Hallowell, Jan. 1, 1836.

LAST CALL.

ALL persons indebted to the Subscriber must pay the accounts, within next month, or their notes and an Attorney for collection.

August 21, 1836 J4

TIMOTHY FORD.

NOTICE.—All persons are hereby forbidden to harbor, trust, or furnish arms, or any other articles to Dorcas Stone and her daughter, Daniel Stone, paupers of the town of Hartford, ample provision having been made by said town for their support and maintenance.

JOSEPH TOBIN, Overseers of the Poor.

Hartford August 26, 1836.

WANTED.

500 LBS PELTS, for which cash and the highest price will be paid by